

# Even If

## Method Man

Come on, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yo, yeah come on  
Even if I died a thousand deaths  
When I resurrect, I'll still be Meth the jams will still deaf  
I'm here me and this micphone, we here  
And ain't tryin' hear nothin' 'cause we had it up to here, word  
Lyrics have no dress code from KRS to the Depeche Mode  
Kid, I'm so cool you catch cold  
At the jump of, it's about to jump off my niggas  
Speak with they hands or their gun talk, yo, Rza  
We got the clan in the front and police at the door  
Every exit is laced with C-4  
'Bout to blow like trial I'm passed out  
MCs is like bitches in tongs, they ass out  
But me the M E T H O D just too real  
I can't be touched and can't feel the monotony of rap  
Take a picture of my nutsack carbon copy that  
And send your crew a fax mothafucka  
New and improved Wu Tang style  
Turn it up now y'all then fuck up now  
Spit flame, five mics, peep game, on sight  
Bring the pain all night, off the chain, damn right  
This the Method Man for short Mr. Meth, Tical-Lion  
Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, come on  
Even if I died a thousand deaths  
When I resurrect through my first born  
My name lives on, my words is like a third degree  
The young MC's buzzworthy on your MTV  
The Killa Bee, John Jacobs straight up break up schemes and plots  
Ace up my sleeves bake up pies and pots  
So this is what its come to, huh  
Takin' shots at dem kids who used to punk you, huh  
Repetitious rap shit don't get no airplay in my whip  
And niggas can't smoke with dry lips  
So chap byte my shit, I'm like Kojack  
To get my flow back and 4-flat I track you down like a low jack  
Five verse five, eye for an eye can I penalize  
The uncivilized, make them civilized  
You know right from wrong so know that I'm the bomb

I dope for be and see the tracks on my arm, mothafucka  
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